

*Card.* I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

*Gloft.* I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?

*King.* The Treasure of everlasting Ioy.

*Card.* Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth't it so with King and Common-weale.

*Gloft.* What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

*Tant ane animis Calestibus ira,* Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynessee can you doe it?

*Suff.* No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere:

*Gloft.* As who, my Lord?

*Suff.* Why, as you, my Lord,

An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

*Gloft.* Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

*Queene.* And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

*King.* I prythee peace, good *Queene*,

And whet not on these furious Peeres,

For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the Peace I make

Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

*Gloft.* Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

*Card.* Marry, when thou dar'st.

*Gloft.* Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

*Card.* I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East side of the Groue.

*King.* How now, my Lords?

*Card.* Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*,

Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,

We had had more sport,

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

*Gloft.* True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

*King.* Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

*Gloft.* Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

Ile shawe your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

*Card.* *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect

your selfe.

*King.* The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

*Enter one crying a Miracle.*

*Gloft.* What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

*One.* A Miracle, a Miracle.

*Suffolke.* Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-

racle.

*One.* Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,

Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,

A man that ne're saw in his life before.

*King.* Now God be pray'd, that to beleeuing Soules

Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.*

*Card.* Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

*Gloft.* Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

*King.* Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What hast thou bene long blinde, and now restor'd?

*Simp.* Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

*Wife.* I indeede was he.

*Suff.* What Woman is this?

*Wife.* His Wife, and't like your Worship.

*Gloft.* Hadst thou bene his Mother, thou could'st haue

better told.

*King.* Where wert thou borne?

*Simp.* At Barwick in the North, and't like your

Grace.

*King.* Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath bene great to thee:

Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

*Queene.* Tell me, good-fellow,

Can'st thou here by Chance, or of Denotion,

To this holy Shrine?

*Simp.* God knowes of pure Denotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,

In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:

Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

*Wife.* Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,

To call him so.

*Card.* What, art thou lame?

*Simp.* I, God Almighty helpe me.

*Suff.* How can'st thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a Tree.

*Wife.* A Plum-tree, Master.

*Gloft.* How long hast thou bene blinde?

*Simp.* O borne so, Master.

*Gloft.* What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

*Simp.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

*Wife.* Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

*Gloft.* Masse, thou lou'd'st Plummes well, that would'st

venture so.

*Simp.* Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some

Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my

Life.

*Gloft.* A subtil Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:

Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

*Simp.* Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and

Saint *Albones*.

*Gloft.* Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake

of?

*Simp.* Red Master, Red as Blood.

*Gloft.* Why that's well said: What Colour is my

Gowne of?

*Simp.* Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

*King.* Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is

of?

*Suff.* And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

*Gloft.* But

*Gloft.* But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a

many.

*Wife.* Neuer before this day, in all his life.

*Gloft.* Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

*Simp.* Alas Master, I know not.

*Gloft.* What's his Name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Gloft.* Nor his?

*Simp.* No indeede, Master.

*Gloft.* What's thine owne Name?

*Simp.* Saundor Simpcowe, and if it please you, Master.

*Gloft.* Then Saundor, sit there,

The lying't Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadst bene borne blinde,

Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

*Simp.* O Master, that you could?

*Gloft.* My Masters of Saint *Albones*,

Have you not Beadles in your Towne,

Noble thee call'd Whippes?

*Mayor.* Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Gloft.* Then fend for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

*Exit.*

*Gloft.* Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip-

ping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

*Simp.* Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

*Enter a Beadle with Whippes.*

*Gloft.* Well Sir, we must haue you shide your Legges.

Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same

Stoole.

*Beadle.* I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

*Simp.* Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to

stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer*

*the Stoole, and runnes away: and they*

*follow, and cry, A Miracle.*

*King.* O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

*Queene.* It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

*Gloft.* Follow the Knaue, and take this Drahe away.

*Wife.* Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

*Gloft.* Let the be whipt through every Market Towne,

Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

*Exit.*

*Card.* Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

*Suff.* True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

*Gloft.* But you haue done more Miracles then I:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*King.* What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:

A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Elia*

The Ring-lea

Haue practis'd

Dealing with

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*Card.* And

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*Gloft.* Ambit

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*King.* O G

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*Queene.* *Gloft.*

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*Gloft.* Mad

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*King.* Well,

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